Are you almost disgusted With life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick

That will bring you contentment

If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick.

Do something for somebody, quick! Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
no consching for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick; Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the cleads are forbidding and
You can make the sun shine
In your sool, little man
De sometistes for somebody, quick';
De something for somebody, quick' Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do semething for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

A MEXICAN DICK TURPIN.

Mr. Edgar Wood had two thousand silver dollars in ten-dollar rolls nicely packed in a valise with a few toilet articles, and twelve thousand dollars in bank notes and bills of exchange snugly sewed into a thin belt worn about his person. In an outside belt, elegantly embroidered, he wore a superbly leweled revolver, warranted to be useful as a weapon at long range in the hand of a self-colle-ted man resting under safe shelter.

As to other personal furniture, his comfortable figure was adorned with a fine gold watch, possessing a national reputation for beauty and value throughout the Republic of Mexico, and a hat covered with gold lace and hangles that made it the envy of all the beaus in town.

Under these conditions Mr. Edgar Wood entered the ten-mule stage, that stood in the patio of the Hatel Itarbide, for a trip down the country to pay off three thousand laborers a month's wages.

The stage started out amid the usual hubbub. The driver gathered up his linex, shouted at all the mules together and at each mule by name. The assistant driver seized the whip and added its resounding crack to his vociferous entreaties and denunciations. The two outriders ran along the sides of the team, shouted and swore, and pelted the mules with stones, while ten bows of cowbells, suspended above the ten collars, added their clangor to the confusion, and the whole cortege rolled over the roughest cobble-stone pavement on the American continent, awakening an angry city from its comfortable slumbers.

The wealthy contractor was alone that morning, and he occupied every corner of the stage in such rapid succession and varied positions that, if the City of Mexico had been twice as broad as it was, he must have been a disagreeable jelly before reaching the suburbs. As it was, however, the grand exhibition of style and enterprise was soon over, and the team settled down to the comfortable habit of the country, a very slow trot an rather soft roads, while the passenger settled himself in the corner, lighted a Vera Cruz eigar, and be

It was not possible for Mr. Wood to say just how he looked, but he felt very pale, when a pleasant, gentlemanly voice at the window inquired, "Have I the honor of addressing Senor Edgaro Wood?"

Edgaro Wood?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Ah. Don Edgaro, I am so sorry to have to molest you in your journey, but won't you do me the favor to alight for a moment?"

Now, if there was one quality on which that gentleman prided himself more than on another, it was the superiority of h's manners. He was known as the polite American of Mexico, and so, when addressed a simple request in such courteous terms, he was fain to comply.

He therefore alighted, and tried to do so promptly, but his motions were not so graceful as usual; there seemed a tremulous excitement, almost a stagger, in his movements, when he looked about him.

about him.

Four men, armed with cutlasses, rifles and revolvers stood ready to receive him. The upper half of each face was covered with a black mask. They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the others at the temples, and

They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the others at the temples, and ruddy face below the mask, ending in a thin, frouzly tow-colored goatee—seemed to indicate an Englishman. Mr. Wood, noting him carefully, thought he had seen him before, but failed in every attempt to place him.

"Senor Wood," said the spokesman, advancing, "I am pleased to meet you, and regret that you are not able to reciprocate the cordial sentiments I entertain for you. I must say, Amiguillo, you wear a charming hat, and such things are so common to you that I am sure there will be no objection to an exchange. See what a poor thing I wear, and so unsuited to my years and position in society! It fits well, too. And also. Senor Wood, you are said to possess an excellent water; that, sir, would be an extremely convenient article to have, in my profession, that I may be prompt in meeting the stage, and thus avoid thresome watching. I will accept it, with your permission."

Mr. Wood was rapidly learning to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew he must submit to being stripped, so, handing over the watch with the best grace possible, he said, with a smile and a bow, "May I present you with a pistol, as good as there is in the republic, except your own?"

"Ah, senor! now you flatter me; I accept it in your name, Amiguillo. And also, senor, I admire your coat; let us exchange. Your trousers, too, will fit me nicely, and your boots, even if a little large, will be better than these. Have the goodness to be seated on my old coat, and we will assist you in removing them; we are experienced valets."

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have thought he was engaged in a

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood

sist you in removing them; we are experienced valets."

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have thought he was engaged in a froile. He used to say, in telling this story, that he felt all through the performance as if he were being joked by a friend:

"And now," continued the ladron, "we will trouble you. Senor Wood, to pass out your valise, if you will be so obliging."

Mr. Wood hesitated for the first time, and looked around, but there was no mercy; the muzzles of three pieces looked into his eyes, while he replied, "Very well, gentlemen, if you insist." He handed out the heavy valise, which was taken aside by the Mexicans, while the English-looking thief kept guard at the stage door. When the precious cargo was removed to a short distance from its owner, the sentinel mutered to him in English, "If you give me two thousand dellars, unseen, from your beit, you can save the rest; otherwise, I'll fix every dollar you've got."

Mr. Wood felt sure he land somewhere seen the face, of which the mouth and chin were exposed, but if he suspected the truth, he kept it to himself, andquietly handed over the money to the man. In a few minuaes, the nearly empty valise was returned and the party bade the traveller adieu, and wished him a safe journey. In his disagreable fix be could only ride till he met the return stage, and go with it to the capital, under the shelter of a shawl lent him by a sympathetic lady among the passengers, with whom, at noon, he entered the patio, from which he had so exultingly sallied in the early morning. The idle populace, as usual, rushed in with the stage, and witnessed the discomfiture of the American, as he darted across the pavement to the nearest entrance of the hotel, and made his way to his room.

When Mr. Wood emerged therefrom, he made his way to the English bank, to deposit the papers saved in his belt, and there encountered the second surprise of the day. The teller who received and credited him with the amount was the counterpart of the English robber of th

horsemen bearing down on the stage from opposite directions.

"There are six of them," he said, "and we are nine men, with only one woman. Are we to fight, gentlemen, or shall we surrender?"

"Mexicaus never surrender," cried one of them.

"We will light to the last drop of blood."

"Yes, always," answered the other cight.

"I shall be killed; oh, I shall be killed!"

shrieked the frightened woman.

"We shall defend you, senora," they declared. The horsemen drew near. All were masked and armed. One party passed the coach, wheeled, and instantly returned. Meanwhile Yorke sprang from the stage, which had stopped, and calling to his fellow-passengers to join him, fired his rife at the nearest of the gang and killed him. He then began discharging his revolver, as they closed in on him, and, looking about for his companions, discovered them all in their seats, pallid spectators of his recklessness. In another instant a pistolball struck him down.

Evidently, the ladrones had only contempt for the Mexican passengers, for they rode directly forward to the fallen American, whose body they mercilessly hacked in pleecs with their sabres, for a warning to all who resisted their robberies.

The entire treasure of Wood & Co. was taken from the person of Yorke and his valise; and the passengers, the lady not excepted, were robbed of

in London of the crime of counterfeiting, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.—(San Francisco Argonaut.

The latter r royal personage, and said: "If your step out on your balcony, you will see the frontiers of the country at once."

lady who was very deeply rouged, he answered: "I have no knowledge of paintings."

An Australian prince, who was also an arch-

tween the rich and the poor, the humorist said: "If there was nothing else to separate the rich and the poor, hunger would draw a dividing line. The former rejoice when they have an appetite, the latter grieve over it."

Requested to define the word "dentist," Saphir said: "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite."

"What is the greatest miracle in the Bible?" Saphir asked a young lady at a party. Without giving her time to reply, a forward coxcomb anwered: "That Elias was not burned when he went to feavon in a charlot of fire." "No." returned Saphir: That Balaam's ass spoke before it was questioned." During a conversation upon the constant in-

crease of immorality, a lady remarked that she wondered God did not send a second deluge. "Because the first did not avail," replied Saphir. A parrow-minded man was bragging that he weighed

only three pounds less than Alexander Humboldt.
"That may be so," observed Saphir, "but those three pounds were taken from his brain."

"I was born on the very day that Goethe died," said a conceited author. "Both events were a mis-fortune to German literature," commented Saphir.

A gourmand wondered that his beard began to turn before his hair. "That is easily explained," said Saphir. "You use your jaws so much more than your head." A friend wondered how it happened that so many

respectable people did not returned berrowed books. Saphir said: "Recause it is easier to retain the volumes themselves than their contents." A Viennese parvenue sareastically asked how it happened that learned men were so often seen at the houses of the rich and the rich so rarely in the homes of the learned? Saphir quickly retorted: "Because scholars know the value of wealth, but the rich are rarely aware of the worth of learning."

"I won't make way for a fool !" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, where at first neither seemed disposed to give place. "Oh?" I will with pleasure," replied Saphir, stepping aside and bowing courteously.

A lady having expressed surprise that Dr. X. should pronounce all his patients, even those who merely had feverish colds, seriously ill, Saphir said: "He is quite right, anybody whom he attends is resily in danger."

Saphir was presented at a ball to an extremely haughty lady of rank, who remarked with a patronizing smile: "I believe, sir, I have already seen you somewhere."

An author sent Saphir a tragedy and a comedy, with the request that he would give his opinion of them.

He returned them with the following message: "I have read both your works with much pleasure, and only regret that you did not inform me which was the comedy and which the tragedy."

Standing in a crowded theatre some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

At a large cyster supper an epicure remarked: "I

Suphir was ashed: "Why are the most is people usually the valuest and most arro "Have you nover noticed," he said, "that the hold their heads higher than those who have

and making off across the valley toward the mountains.

The stage met no further adventure, and Mr. Wood was able to return to Mexico in a week. The afternoon of his arrival he accompanied the English Bank manager and the detective to the hespital of Guadalupe, and found there, to the surprise of the manager, the teller. Mr. Carlos Watfils, suffering from a shattered leg.

If Watfils were tried in Mexico, it is by no means certain that a conviction could be secured under those laws. It was, indeed, a chance if the Americans might not be made to suffer for kelling men who had not attacked them. In this view of the case, Mr. Watfils was sent across the water with the English officer, and having been convicted in London of the crime of counterfeiting, was sent and modesty that ought to pre-lude any doubt as to the treatment that is due her from ledde any doubt as to the treatment that is due her from ledde any doubt as to the treatment that is due her from before," retorted Saphir.

The humorist spent some time in the capital of a She managed to gasp out:

oyal personage, and said: "If your linguistes will top out on your balcony, you will see me step across the frontiers of the country at once."

One evening at a ball, being asked the name of a lady who was very deeply rouged, he answered: "I

The well-known gamblers in the old Twenty-ninth Prehishop, swore horribly at a banquet and, perceiving bishop, swore horribly at a banquet and, perceiving that Saphir looked at him in surprise, angrily asked cinct, now the Nineteenth, appear to be growing richer that Saphir looked at him in surprise, angrily asked every day. They are the livellest customers that the that Saphir looked at him in surprise, angrily denote the cause of his astonishment. "I thought an archibishop would not allow himself to swear," answered bishop would not allow himself to swear," answered the wit. "I was not swearing as an archbishop but as a prince," explained the prelate. "Ah," said Saphir thoughtfully, "but suppose the devil fetches the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

One evening in a large company an argument arcse as to whether man or woman was the superior being, and Saphir, always a champion of the fair sex, took sides with the ladies declaring them the crown of creation. "Then why did God form man first?" asked attactions of the most successful burlesque actress in a shrowd Russian. "Because the first attempt is gena shrowd Russian. "Because the first attempt is genshock hands all around and then drew from the inside pocket of his overcoat a huge package of greenbacks. These he deposited on the table and said: "Count it, Davy."

Many of the houses, we found, were much more comfortably furnished than usual; there were fine lamps, nicely-panelled doors, with brass or nichely

avy."

One of the number took up the money and proceeded In a few moments the accountant looked up and said larily:

"Over to sixty-seven. See! I don't waste my time like you fellows. I m getting old, and when I strike my two hundred thousand limit again, fare will never have another go at — —. Jimmy' went broke over to Daly's last night. Here he comes, now. Two to one he strikes me for a thousand."

If any one had taken the bet the hardworking gambler If any one had taken the bet the hardworking gambler would have been a further winner. "Jimmy" struck" for a thousand and got it. He gave his note for the amount and quickly left the place. A little later the entire group finished their wine and went out into Broadway. It would have been easy enough to suppose that no pursuit in life was quite so elegant, dignified and profitable to the description. The group processed the street in the entire group finished their wine and went out into Broadway. It would have been easy enough to suppose that no pursuit in life was quite so elegant, dignified and profitable as that of gambling. The group crossed the street to the St. James, entered and there ordered more wine and lighted fresh cigars. Perhaps at the same moment a neet or a pedler was dying somewhere from starvation. But the gamblers were not to blame for that.

"DE PROPAH MANNAH."

A REGION OF GREED.

AMONG THE BAHAMA WEECKERS.

AMONG THE BAHAMA WEECKERS.

American seamen and owners of vessels trading to the Gulf ports, the Spanish Main and the West Indies, know well the Spanish Main and the West Indies, know well the many dangers to which they are expected in passing the Bahamas, whether by the Gulf Stream or on the side of the ocean. The navigation among and near these coral Islands is as perilous as in any part of the world; and wreck, until the British Government erected the present fine lighthouses were of almost weekly occurrence. Naturally "wrecking," before the existing laws for its regulation came into force, was one of the chief sources of employment and income to the poor inhabitants of these poor islands. To this day the wrecking passion (it is no less), is strong among them, and many are the curses levied at the lighthouses and buoys, and many the regrets for the good old days before Government meddled with the most flourishing industry of the colony.

de a weath, and effect at with a new, Ten and a state of the state of a weath of the state of the state of a weath of the state of the state

New-Orleans was wrecked on the Gingerbread Ground, that the captain lest his bearings. Captain and crow that the captain list his bearings. Captain and crew saved themselves in the boats, and finally reached Elmini. After making arrangements for salvage of the cargo, and, as he thought, securing that the cabin furniture and other private property should men at Bimini. From them I heard the story of the wreck, and having found two friends to accompany me, we set off to see for ourselves among other

OLD HUMOR AND NEW.

Translated from the German by J. M. Percical.

Many are the witty sayings of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, an Austrian journalist, and some retain a large share of their raciness when transferred to another tongue. The following anecdotes are culled from a little volume, now in its third edition, entitled "Saphirlara":

"My works will be read when the writings of Goethe and Schiller are forgotten," remarked an arrogant, but be fore," retorated Saphir.

The humorist spent some time in the capital of a little volume, some time in the capital of a little volume, remarked an arrogant, but he foreward the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the pace, and when she reached her destination he was at the The humorist spent some time in the capital of a very small principality. One day he chanced to make an extremely witty remark, which was received with so much disapproval that the Prince instantly commanded that "Saphir should quit the country in three was gone. There are thugs and highwaymen enough in days." The latter requested an audience with the

A house was soon engaged for the party, and while the owners vacated it, we sallied out under the cocoa-nut palms, delighting in their cool shade but watchful for fulling nuts, to make our first exploration of the island. To our astonishment we saw scarcely half-a-dozen men in the whole settle-ment; it seemed to be a colony of women and children. On inquiring the reason, we found that the men were all at the wreck of the Juliet with their schooners. Women and children manned the boats, and did all the work in the fields, and got along very well. Some amusing scenes were occasionally witnessed, as for instance when a plantation-boat ran ashere on one of the shoals in the lagoon, and the amazon in charge

then jumped in again. When stormy weather set in a few days later, the men returned and the settle ment took on a more normal appearance.

lamps, nicely-panelled doors, with brass or nichol handles to them, book-shelves and so forth. But slowly to count it, the others looking silently on the while. a moment's inspection made the meaning of this quite clear. All had been taken from wrecks; the doors were cabin-doors, the book-shelves had once been swinging bottle-racks, the very steps of the houses had come from some companionway. The house we rented furnished one of the best examples of this novel and inxpensive methods of furnishing, but the church was best of all. A handsome pulpit had been formed out of cabin-wainscoting; some of the lamps had once swung in the sacrilegious atmosphere of a trading schooner; altar, altar-rails, reading desk, choir rests, everything showed evidence of a nautical origin. To all appearance this might

The chief officer, carpenter and steward of the Juliet were still at Bimini to take charge of the ship's stores, cabin furniture, plate, clothes and other private property as it came from the wreck. Shortly before our arrival they had sent off the crew (twenty-A VETERAN TELLS OF THE OLD-TIME WAY OF two in number) to Nassau in a schooner. The men two furnished from the ship's stores with ample

before our arrival they had sent off the erew (twenty to have the subject to have a subject to have the subject to have a subject to have the subject to have a subject to hav

they may be engaged at the time. "The owner of our house told us with the most amuting cander that he did not think'tt right to take "valuable" things from a wreck, but that it was quite right to take stores and things which would be useful about a house.

One of the closing scenes of our ten days among the wreckers was the most interesting of all. The weather was latterly very bad, and one night we were awakened about midnight by the howling of the wind round our crasy old house. It sounded so alarming that, as we were hardly yet out of the hurricane season, we got up to investigate the barometer. It was steadily falling, and we thought we were about to see a real hurricane at last. We sat till 4 a m., alternately looking at the barometer, wondering if the house would stand agadness the storm, and consoling ourselves with the ganuine Glenlivat. At four the wind moderated, and we went to ted again. But our sleep was short. At about seven we were aroused by a great noise of shouting and shricking in the settlement. We rushed out in alry apparel to discover the cause of the excitement, and found that a large three-masted schooner was ashere on the in the settlement. We rushed out in airy appared to discover the cause of the excitement, and found that a large three-masted schooner was ashore on the Moselle Sheal, well in sight of the settlement. Through a glass we could see that the waves were dashing over the vessel's decks, and dark masses, groups of men, were to be seen in the rigging. We could de nothing, and had simply to be spectators of the scene. The men of the settlement were already getting their schooners under way for the race to the wreck, which was to decide who should be wreck-master. The women were shouting, dancing, embracing one another and praying (literally) that it might be a "general carge," the most valuable of all. Soon the boats rounded the point of the island, and then began an exeiting race. Suddenly a tremendous squall appeared on the northern horison, and rapidly advanced. The schooners quickly took in all sail, all but one, the May Queen. Her crew, apparently maddened by the wrecking fever, kept her underfull sail, even the stay-sail being set. The squall struck her, and over on her side she went, her sails prevented her from turning bottom upward. Her crew, at first thrown into the see, clambered up on the side above water, and stood there waving piteously for help. But not one of the schooners, which had resumed the race the moment the squall was past, stopped racing to rescue them. It was not until the race was over, and the Admiral, an old acquaintance of mine, had won the coveted distinction, that the crew of the May Queen were rescued from their dangerous position, a matter of no great difficulty. On shore, the joyful cries of the women over the "wreck" were at this episode changed to shrieks and howls of grief, for at first no one knew which of the boats had capsized. But during the whole time, not one ward of pity for the crew of the American schooner was to be heard, though they were in a position compared to which that of the May Queen's crew was child's play. For the time all kindly feeling for people in distress,

distress, in which the Bahama negroes are not ordinarily deficient, had gone; greed and covetousness filled its place.

During the day the crew of the Admiral, the wreck-master's boat, showed an example of pluck and daring which may serve as a relief to the dark picture I have drawn. For several bours the little schooner stayed at the wreck, attached to it by a line from her stern, and along this line the captain and crew of the Florence Genovar, as she turned out to be named, were hauled one by one with their sails and stores. The sea was tremendous, and the little ship rolled as if each roll would be her last, but the crew persevered until all that was possible had been done, and them set sail, and arrived at Alice Town in the afternoon. None of the other schooners made any attempt to assist her in her difficult task.

When it was faund that the Florence Genovar was not loaded with a "general cargo" but with coal, the least valuable cargo to wreckers, the excitement subsided wonderfully, and people had rather an injured air in talking of it, as if they had been cheated out of their due. So ended my personal experiences of wrecking in the Biminis, but before leaving them, there is one story which is worth telling. The Moselle Shoal was formerly one of the most regular and profitable sources of income to the poople of Bimini. At last the Government decided to have it marked by a conspleuous buoy, and this was done. But the buoy would not stay in its place. Before long, a buoy was found floating placifily along the Guif Stream, and was recognized as that of the Moselle Shoal; it was replaced, and for a time all went well. But the same thing happened several times in succession, and finally the then Inspector of Lighthouses decided that this must be stopped; but how was it to be done. At last he found a plan. He went to Bimini, and summoned a man whom he knew to be one of the worst wreckers in the Island, and said to him; "Look here, my man; I feel quite sure that some of your Bimini people have been moving the M

HAMMER AND BROUGHT IT TO WESTCHESTER. Europe is Frederick William Holls, of this city, wellknown as a lawyer and prominent among the younger Republican leaders. His European tour took him out of the beaten tracks into Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Russia and Scandinavia. He speaks with great onthustasm of the trip to see the midnight sun at the North Cape. Said he:
"In my opinion the trip from Throndjem up the Norwegian coast to the North Cape and beyond to the great

Svaerhjoitklubben or Bird Rock is in many respects the climax of a European tour, certainly so far as up from the Arctic Ocean and the flords, with their magnificent glaciers and innumerable cascades, present quite as grand pictures of mountain scenery as are to is the largest glacier, not only in Europe, but probably in the world. Then the wonderful phenomenon of the midnight sun, - which will strike the observer as strange and weird no matter how much he may have read or heard about it, the grandeur of the North Cape itself, and the exceedingly curious gathering of the hundreds of thousands of birds on the Bird Rock, combined with the interesting sights of human life among the Laplanders and in the famous northernmost city of Hamerfest, render the trip most attractive, especially to a tourist from America. A number of books, most of which are, however, trashy, have lately been written about this trip, still it seems to be comparatively unknown, and its attractions amply deserve wider publication. The trip from Throndjem to the North Cape and return requires eight days and is made on very comfortable vessels. Mercover, the cost, which is about \$80, is very reasonable considering the excellence of the accommodations. A particular attraction is the excellent class of tourists who now patronize this trip. On our vessel, the Sirius," thirteen nationalities were represented among the ninety-eight passenegrs, nineteen of them being Americans, including Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen, of New-York, Mayor Sayles, of Pawtucket, and family, Captain Potter, of Brooklyn, and family, and others.

Mr. Holls relates a very pleasant episode which took place at North Cape. Said he: "We arrived at the summit of the North Cape about midnight, July 23, and had what might be called an international fraternity celebration on the top of the mountain. It consists of the singing of national songs and the drinking of national healths in bumpers of excellent champagne, of which, I may add, we had a good supply. Americans as was perhaps natural, took the lead, and 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' and the 'Star Spangled Banner" certainly never sounded more impressive to me than on that distant point. Our British cousins then relieved their minds by singing 'God Save The Queen' and 'Rule Britannia' and after that the Germans were called upon. Here the pleasant episode occurred. The thirty-four Germans present, out of regard to four Frenchmen who were also in the party, refused to sing 'The Watch on the Rhine,' as being calculated to disturb our friendly meeting and as being a song of defiance. They contented themselves with singing other German patriotic songs, and finally they even helped the French to sing the 'Marseillaise' 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' It was an exhibition of tact and generous forbearance which produced the most

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND DISCUSSION.

Bishop Hugh Miller Thempson of the Episcopal diocese of Mississippi, has been writing a series of artigles for "The Churchman" on church work among the colored people. The picture which he draws of that work is not a flattering one. In the first place, he says that the colored man doesn't want to become an says that the colored man doesn't want to become an Episcopalian, and therefore, if he is to be made one, it must be by long and self-denying effort on the part of the Episcopal Church. Thus far, however, the Episcopal Church has made no such effort. A year ago Bishop Thompson asked for money to prosecute the work in Missistippt. He has received just \$1,000, and that from a brother bishop. And for work among the \$600,000 colored people of Missis-ippt the Episcopal Church Misstonary Society offers him only \$200. In the meahwhile other denominations are doing an effective work, while, as the Bishop says, "every passing year makes the question for us more insoluble or rules us out of any voice whatever in the answer."

The Rev. Heratio O. Ladd, principal of the University ity of New-Mexice, is in Boston in the interest of the Ramona school. This school, named in honor of HelenHunt Jackson, is a department of the University of New-Mexico, and is an evangelical institution under opened in 1885 with thirty-three boys and eleven girls, belonging to the Pueblo tribe of Indians. Presi dent Laid I-as frequently travelled 300 miles to obtain pupils from different tribes. A beautiful site of four acres has been given by the citizens of Santa Fe for an industrial school for girls, with accommodations for 150 pupils. For the building \$50,000 will be required; the furnishing of the rooms is already pledged. The architect's designs, plans and specifications have been gonerously given by Mr. Sanford White of this city.

The Rev. John C. Collins, who has been so successful The Rev. John C. Collins, who has been so successful in establishing a boys' club in Now-Haven, spoke at a meeting held in Hartford the other day to discuss the formation of a similar club in that city. He said that in New-Haven 1,500 boys belonged to the club, and there was an attendance of one hundred or two hundred every night. The order was good, as the boys appreciated the use of the books and games and the appreciated the use of the books and games and the warm room. The superintendent gets acquainted with the boys, visits the police court every day and helps them out of trouble, and endeavors to correct them by kindness. He referred to cases where the worst boys had been changed to the best men. The club is free to all nationalities, and religion is never mentioned. The work gives access to the boys who would make criminals if not rescued from their evil associates. Mr. Collins says he is now secretary of the Society of Christian Workers, and has power to appoint committees to start this work in any city.

The contribution of the feld South Church, Buston.

The contribution of the Old South Church, Boston, this year to the American Board has failen off, the

Claffin, a Waterville woman who with her husband is engaged in missionary work at Vivi, on the Congo, under the direction of Bishop Taylor, which contra-dicts the recent discouraging reports brought back from the mission. She says she is perfectly con-tented, having plenty of rice, sugar, coffee, flour, died apples, potatoes and bananas, and she asks no one to waste any sympathy on her as a self-sacrificing mis-

centage of young men studying for the ministry in American colleges has been steadily decreasing. He gives a number of reasons why the prestige of the min-istry is waning and young men are not entering it. The indications are that all the Christian churches will soon have to face a ministerial dearth. Indeed, some of them are facing such a dearth already. The Rev. Dr. McConnell, rector of St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, has organized a weekly class for women called

the Church Woman's Institute. The best teachers avail-

able give instruction in the Bible, theology, church history and the Prayer Book. More than 140 women attend these classes, and the Institute evidently fills a want in the church life of Philadelphia. There is a lively discussion in the Episcopal Church over the constitution of its missionary society. In the old days the missionary work of the Church was done by two unofficial societies one High Church and the other Low Church. A few years ago these societies were united and became the missionary agency of the Church,

every baptized member of the church being an ipso facto member of it. It is now claimed that this plan has not worked well and that it has caused friction and irrita-tion, and it is proposed by many to go back to the old voluntary system. The matter will undoubtedly como before the next General Convention. In Louisville Mr. Moody has separate meetings for white people and colored people. Some of the colored people, it is said, criticise this arrangement as savoring of easte, but the whites are entirely satisfied with it and praise Mr. Moody as a true Christian.

A missionary tells the readers of "The Independent" that there is a great opportunity for successful missionary work in Cores, and exhorts the missionary societies to send men to that country.

During the session of the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, "The Christian Advocate" will be issued daily.

The next annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Vice will be held in Association Hall, on Tuesday evening of this week. The speakers will be Dr. raimage and Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of this city.

A PRACTICAL MAN,

From The Youth's companion.

There is a great difference between nations, on the score of practicality. Even a race of thinkers may not possess a grasp of affairs. The story is told that an Englishman, travelling in Germany, kept constantly putting his head out of the window of the railway carriage.

He did it once too often, however, and a gust of wind blew away his hat. Quick as thought, he took down his hat-box and huried it also out of the window

down his hat-box and horied it also out of the window.

His German fellow-travellers roared with laughter, and one of them said: ""You don't expect your hat-box to bring back your hat, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat-full name and address on the box! They'll be found together, and I shall get both."

Then those Germans subsided, and said they had always considered the English a great and practical nation.

A VERY IMPORTANT BABY.

From The London Globe.

The City of Crefeld, in Rhenish Prussia, has for some time been in a great flutter of expectation of its 100,000th inhabitant. "There prevails," says "The Crefeld Zeitung," "a most unusual excitement as to who shall have the distinction of being the 100,000th. Look there, that youthful father running hinself out of breath lest any other happy father should forestall him, in order to announce, all in a perspiration with the long run, the happy advent of the baby. The grimning registrar of births says to the poor, disappointed man, it was No. 99,999. Vivat sequents I The next father, sure to grasp the prize, comes running to the office. 'My baby is the 100,000th, sure he is,' 'You are mistaken again, sir, There were two deaths announced just now. Your baby is three less than 100,000."

In that way the struggle went on, but it could not last forever. "The time is at hand," says "The Zeitung," when the 100,000th Crefelder will be lying in his craile—the man of the future, destined to see Crefet one of the largest manufacturing and commercial centres of the world, dating her entry into the second hundred thousand inhabitants from the m ment of his own birth."

THEY LEAVE THEIR SHOTOUNS HOME. When a resident of the Back Bay now leaves his abode somewhat late in the evening ne has only to remark that he is going "rabbit hunting" to have it fully understood that his destination is the Victoria. The variety he seeks, however, is Welsh, and not the destructive New-Zealand "critter."



Henry Ward Beecher, the Hon. Sam'l J. Randall. Cyrus W. Field, jr., the Hon. James W. Hasted Charles D. Fred ricks, Henry King, Manager Seer side Sanitarium, Gen. John E. Mulford, Georgi Augustus Sala, and Sisters of Charity, Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Beware of imitations, and de not be deceived

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